

Readings Booklet



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1984

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30**

PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination presents 80 items in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

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JANUARY 1984

I. Read “Warren Pryor” and answer items 1 to 7 from your Questions Booklet.

WARREN PRYOR

When every pencil meant a sacrifice
his parents boarded him at school in town,
slaving to free him from the stony fields,
the meagre acreage that bore them down.

- 5 They blushed with pride when, at his graduation,
they watched him picking up the slender scroll,
his passport from the years of brutal toil
and lonely patience in a barren hole.

- When he went in the Bank their cups ran over.
10 They marvelled how he wore a milk-white shirt
work days and jeans on Sundays. He was saved
from their thistle-strewn farm and its red dirt.

- And he said nothing. Hard and serious
like a young bear inside his teller's cage,
15 his axe-hewn hands upon the paper bills
aching with empty strength and throttled rage.

Alden Nowlan

II. Read "The Fox and the Anthropologist" and answer items 8 to 14 from your Questions Booklet.

THE FOX AND THE ANTHROPOLOGIST

The episode began in the late afternoon. . . . Walking along an unfrequented seashore, I came upon the broken prow of a beached boat subsiding in heavy sand. . . . An incoming fog trailed in wisps over the upthrust ribs of the boat, then approached and enwrapped me, as though to peer into my face. I was not frightened, but I also realized with a slight shock that I was not intended immediately to leave.

I sat down then and rested with my back against the overturned boat. A gull passed high overhead. . . . My mind streamed wispily through the interstices of time. . . . I slept.

When I awoke, the fog and the night were lifting. Crouched in my sheepskin coat, I waited while the dawn began to touch first the sea, then the timbers of the hulk beside me. It was then I saw the miracle. I saw it because I was hunched at ground level, no longer gazing with upright human arrogance upon the things of this world.

I did not realize at first what it was. As my wandering attention centred, I saw nothing but two projecting ears lit by the morning sun. Beneath them, a small neat face looked shyly up at me. The ears crinkled with curiosity at every sound; they had not learned to fear. I crept on my knees around the prow and crouched beside him. It was a fox pup from a den under the timbers.

He innocently selected what I think was a chicken bone from an untidy pile of splintered rubbish and shook it at me invitingly. There was a vast and playful humor in his face.

It has been said repeatedly that one can never, try as he will, get around to the front of the universe. . . . Yet here was the thing in the midst of the bones, the wide-eyed innocent fox inviting me to play, with the innate courtesy of its two forepaws placed together, along with a mock shake of the head. The universe was swinging around in some fantastic fashion to present its face, and the face was so small that the universe itself was laughing.

It was not a time for human dignity. . . . Gravely, I arranged my own forepaws while the puppy whimpered with excitement. On impulse, I clumsily picked up a bone and shook it in teeth that had not entirely forgotten their original purpose. Then, round and round we tumbled for one ecstatic moment.

We were the innocent thing in the midst of the bones, born in the egg, born in the den, born at last in human guise to grow coldly remote.

But I had seen my miracle. I had seen the universe as it begins for all things. It was, in reality, a child's universe, a tiny and laughing universe. I rolled the pup on his back and ran, literally ran, for the nearest ridge.

But to me the mist had come, and mere chance of two lifted sunlit ears at morning. It was a very small miracle, as is the way of great things. But for just a moment I had held the universe at bay, by the simple expedient of sitting on my haunches before a fox den and tumbling about with a chicken bone.

It is the gravest, most meaningful act I shall ever accomplish.

Loren Eiseley

III. Read "War" and answer items 15 to 26 from your Questions Booklet.

WAR

(translated from the Italian)

The passengers who had left Rome by the night express had had to stop until dawn at the small station of Fabriano in order to continue their journey by the small old-fashioned local joining the main line with Sulmona.

At dawn, in a stuffy and smoky second-class carriage in which five people had already spent the night, a bulky woman in deep mourning was hoisted in — almost like a shapeless bundle. Behind her — puffing and moaning, followed her husband — a tiny man, thin and weakly, his face death-white, his eyes small and bright and looking shy and uneasy.

Having at last taken a seat, he politely thanked the passengers who had helped his wife and who had made room for her; then he turned around to the woman trying to pull down the collar of her coat, and politely inquired:

"Are you alright, dear?"

The wife, instead of answering, pulled up her collar again to her eyes, so as to hide her face.

"Nasty world," muttered the husband with a sad smile.

And he felt it his duty to explain to his travelling companions that the poor woman was to be pitied, for the war was taking away from her her only son, a boy of twenty to whom both had devoted their entire life, even breaking up their home at Sulmona to follow him to Rome, where he had to go as a student, then allowing him to volunteer for war with the assurance, however, that at least for six months he would not be sent to the front and now, all of a sudden, receiving a wire that he was due to leave in three days' time and asking them to go and see him off.

The woman under the big coat was twisting and wriggling, at times growling like a wild animal, feeling certain that all those explanations would not have aroused even a shadow of sympathy from those people who — most likely — were in the same plight as herself. One of them, who had been listening with particular attention, said:

"You should thank God that your son is only leaving now for the front. Mine had been sent there the first day of the war. He has already come back twice wounded and been sent back again to the front."

"What about me? I have two sons and three nephews at the front," said another passenger.

"Maybe, but in our case it is our *only* son," ventured the husband.

"What difference can it make? You may spoil your only son with excessive attention, but you cannot love him more than you would all your other children if you had any. Paternal love is not like bread that can be broken into pieces and split amongst the children in equal squares. A father gives *all* his love to each one of his children without discrimination, whether it be one or ten, and if I am suffering now for my two sons, I am not suffering half for each of them but double . . ."

"True . . . true . . .," sighed the embarrassed husband, "but suppose (of course we all hope it will never be your case) a father has two sons at the front and he loses one of them, there is still one left to console him . . . while . . ."

"Yes," answered the other, getting cross, "a son left to console him but also a son left for whom he must survive, while in the case of the father of an only son

Continued

45 if the son dies the father can die too and put an end to his distress. Which of the two positions is the worse? Don't you see how my case would be worse than yours?"

"Nonsense," interrupted another traveller, a fat red-faced man with bloodshot eyes of the palest gray.

50 He was panting. From his bulging eyes seemed to spurt inner violence of an uncontrolled vitality which his weakened body could hardly contain.

"Nonsense," he repeated, trying to cover his mouth with his hand so as to hide the two missing front teeth. "Nonsense. Do we give life to our children for our own benefit?"

The other travellers stared at him in distress. The one who had had his son at the front since the first day of the war sighed: "You are right. Our children do not belong to us; they belong to the Country . . ."

60 "Bosh," retorted the fat traveller. "Do we think of the Country when we give life to our children? Our sons are born because . . . well, because they must be born, and when they come to life they take our own life with them. This is the truth. We belong to them but they never belong to us. And when they reach twenty they are exactly what we were at their age. We too had a father and a mother, but there were so many other things as well . . . girls, cigarettes, illusions, new ties . . . and the Country, of course, whose call we would have answered — when we were twenty — even if father and mother had said no. Now at our age, the love of

65 our country is still great, of course, but stronger than it is the love for our children. Is there any one of us here who wouldn't gladly take his son's place at the front if he could?"

There was silence all around, everybody nodding as to approve.

70 "Why then," continued the fat man, "shouldn't we consider the feelings of our children when they are twenty? Isn't it natural that at their age they should consider the love for their Country (I am speaking of decent boys, of course) even greater than the love for us? Isn't it natural that it should be so, as after all they must look upon us as old boys who cannot move any more and must stay at home? If Country exists, if Country is a natural necessity, like bread, of which each of us must eat

75 in order not to die of hunger, somebody must go to defend it. And our sons go, when they are twenty, and they don't want tears, because if they die, they die inflamed and happy (I am speaking, of course, of decent boys). Now, if one dies young and happy without having the ugly sides of life, the boredom of it, the pettiness, the bitterness of disillusion . . . what more can we ask for him? Everyone should stop crying; everyone should laugh, as I do . . . or at least thank God — as I do — because my son, before dying, sent me a message saying that he was dying satisfied at having ended his life in the best way he could have wished. That is why, as you see, I do not even wear mourning . . ."

80 He shook his light fawn coat so as to show it; his livid lip over his missing teeth was trembling, his eyes were watery and motionless, and soon after he ended with a shrill laugh which might well have been a sob.

85 "Quite so . . . quite so . . ." agreed the others.

The woman who, bundled in a corner under her coat, had been sitting and listening had — for the last three months — tried to find in the words of her husband and her friends something to console her in her deep sorrow, something that might show her how a mother should resign herself to send her son not even to death but to a probable danger of life. Yet not a word had she found amongst the many which had been said . . . and her grief had been greater in seeing that nobody — as she thought — could share her feelings.

90

Continued

- 95 But now the words of the traveller amazed and almost stunned her. She suddenly realized that it wasn't the others who were wrong and who could not understand her, but herself who could not rise up to the same height of those fathers and mothers willing to resign themselves, without crying, not only to the departure of their sons but even to their death.
- 100 She lifted her head, she bent over from her corner trying to listen with great attention to the details which the fat man was giving to his companions about the way his son had fallen as a hero, for his King and his Country, happy and without regrets. It seemed to her that she had stumbled into a world she had never dreamed of, a world so far unknown to her, and she was so pleased to hear everyone joining
- 105 in congratulating that brave father who could so stoically speak of his child's death. Then suddenly, just as if she had heard nothing of what had been said and almost as if waking up from a dream, she turned to the old man, asking him:
"Then . . . is your son really dead?"
- 110 Everybody stared at her. The old man, too, turned to look at her, fixing his great, bulging, horribly watery light-gray eyes, deep in her face. For some little time he tried to answer, but words failed him. He looked and looked at her, almost as if only then — at that silly, incongruous question — he had suddenly realized at last that his son was really dead — gone forever — forever. His face contracted, became horribly distorted; then he snatched in haste a handkerchief from his pocket and, to
- 115 the amazement of everyone, broke into harrowing, heart-rending, uncontrollable sobs.

Luigi Pirandello

IV. Read "Love Poem" and answer items 27 to 33 from your Questions Booklet.

LOVE POEM

My clumsiest dear, whose hands shipwreck vases,
At whose quick touch all glasses chip and ring,
Whose palms are bulls in china, burrs in linen,
And have no cunning with any soft thing

- 5 Except all ill-at-ease fidgeting people:
The refugee uncertain at the door
You make at home; deftly you steady
The drunk clambering on his undulant floor.

- 10 Unpredictable dear, the taxi drivers' terror,
Shrinking from far headlights pale as a dime
→ Yet leaping before red apoplectic streetcars —
Misfit in any space. And never on time.

- A wrench in clocks and the solar system. Only
With words and people and love you move at ease.
15 In traffic of wit expertly manoeuvre
And keep us, all devotion, at your knees.

- Forgetting your coffee spreading on our flannel,
Your lipstick grinning on our coat,
So gayly in love's unbreakable heaven
20 Our souls on glory of spilt bourbon float.

Be with me, darling, early and late. Smash glasses —
I will study wry music for your sake.
For should your hands drop white and empty
All the toys of the world would break.

John Frederick Nims

V. Read "Is Love an Art?" and answer items 34 to 40 from your Questions Booklet.

IS LOVE AN ART?

Is love an art? Then it requires knowledge and effort. Or is love a pleasant sensation, which to experience is a matter of chance, something one "falls into" if one is lucky? This little book is based on the former premise, while undoubtedly the majority of people today believe in the latter.

5 Not that people think that love is not important. They are starved for it; they watch endless numbers of films about happy and unhappy love stories, they listen to hundreds of trashy songs about love — yet hardly anyone thinks that there is anything that needs to be learned about love.

10 This peculiar attitude is based on several premises which either singly or combined tend to uphold it. Most people see the problem of love primarily as that of *being loved*, rather than that of *loving*, of one's capacity to love. Hence the problem to them is how to be loved, how to be lovable. In pursuit of this aim they follow several paths. One, which is especially used by men, is to be successful, to be as powerful and rich as the social margin of one's position permits. Another, used
15 especially by women, is to make oneself attractive, by cultivating one's body, dress, etc. Other ways of making oneself attractive, used both by men and women, are to develop pleasant manners, interesting conversation, to be helpful, modest, inoffensive. Many of the ways to make oneself lovable are the same as those used to make oneself successful, "to win friends and influence people." As a matter of fact, what
20 most people in our culture mean by being lovable is essentially a mixture between being popular and having sex appeal.

A second premise behind the attitude that there is nothing to be learned about love is the assumption that the problem of love is the problem of an *object*, not the problem of a *faculty*. People think that to *love* is simple, but that to find the right
25 object to love — or to be loved by — is difficult. This attitude has several reasons rooted in the development of modern society. One reason is the great change which occurred in the twentieth century with respect to the choice of a "love object." In the Victorian age, as in many traditional cultures, love was mostly not a spontaneous personal experience which then might lead to marriage. On the contrary, marriage
30 was contracted by convention — either by the respective families, or by a marriage broker, or without the help of such intermediaries; it was concluded on the basis of social considerations, and love was supposed to develop once the marriage had been concluded. In the last few generations the concept of romantic love has become almost universal in the Western world. In the United States, while considerations
35 of a conventional nature are not entirely absent, to a vast extent people are in search of "romantic love," of the personal experience of love which then should lead to marriage. This new concept of freedom in love must have greatly enhanced the importance of the *object* as against the importance of the *function*.

Erich Fromm

VI. Read "Lone Bather" and answer items 41 to 47 from your Questions Booklet.

LONE BATHER

- Upon the ecstatic diving board the diver,
poised for parabolas, lets go
lets go his manshape to become a bird.
Is bird, and topsy-turvy
5 the pool floats overhead, and the white tiles snow
their crazy hexagons. Is dolphin. Then
is plant with lilies bursting from his heels.

Himself, suddenly mysterious and marine,
bobs up a merman leaning on his hills.

- 10 Plashes and plays alone the deserted pool;
as those, is free, who think themselves unseen.
He rolls in his heap of fruit,
he slides his belly over
the melonrinds of water, curved and smooth and green.
15 Feels good: and trains, like little acrobats
his echoes dropping from the galleries;
circles himself over a rung of water;
swims fancy and gay; taking a notion, hides
under the satins of his great big bed, —
20 and then comes up to float until he thinks
the ceiling at his brow, and nowhere any sides.

His thighs are a shoal of fishes: scattered: he
turns with many gloves of greeting
towards the sunnier water and the tiles.

- 25 Upon the tiles he dangles from his toes
lazily the eight reins of his ponies.
An afternoon, far from the world
a street sound throws like a stone, with paper, through
the glass.
30 Up, he is chipped enamel, grained with hair.
The gloss of his footsteps follows him to the showers,
the showers, and the male room, and the towel
which rubs the bird, the plant, the dolphin back again
personable plain.

A.M. Klein

VII. Read the excerpt from “Overlaid” and answer items 48 to 55 from your Questions Booklet.

from the play, **OVERLAID**

Cast: Pop
Ethel – Pop’s daughter
Mr. Bailey – insurance salesman
Jimmy – Ethel’s teenage son
Jim – Ethel’s husband

Pop
Ethel
Jimmy
Jim

Pop, a farmer, is a loyal fan of the radio broadcasts of the New York Metropolitan Opera. He has just received \$1200 from an insurance policy. He would like to use the money to visit New York and attend live opera performances. His daughter, Ethel, however, hints that she would like to use the money for something else. Pop prompts her to reveal her dream.

Ethel Of course you’d make it sound ugly. I’m determined that my boy shall be a pharmacist, and I’ve had to find my own way of financing it.

Pop But that ain’t your real ambition. Come on, Ethel.

Ethel No.

5 **Pop** Unless you tell me, I’m certain to go on my trip and spend all the money, and bang goes your dream. But if you tell me, you’ve got a chance. It’s up to you. *(Pours his tea in his saucer and drinks noisily)*

Ethel That’d look fine in a New York restrunt. What would the brazen women say?

10 **Pop** They’d put up with it long’s I had a dollar. — Don’t stall, Ethel. We got nearest to your dream when you said you wanted to be remembered. Come on, now.

Ethel I won’t tell you.

15 **Pop** Don’t then. *(Rises purposefully)* Got a clean shirt for me? I’ll be gettin’ ready-to go.

Ethel *(Wavers for a moment, then breaks into painful, ugly tears)* Poppa!

Pop Yeah?

Ethel I want — a headstone.

Pop You want a what?

20 **Ethel** A headstone. A granite one.

Pop *(Sits, flabbergasted)* Well, good God Almighty!

25 **Ethel** *(Weeping freely now)* Mother’s grave just has a plain marker. But it’s in a wonderful position. Soon all the land around it will be sold off and who can tell where we’ll be buried? Higgledy-piggledy all over the place, most likely. We ought to have a proper family plot, with a chain fence around it, and a headstone with the family name on it. A headstone! Oh, a big family headstone! We could get that plot surrounding Mother, right on the crest of the hill, and it’d be seen from every place in the cemetery. A headstone! Not a broken pillar, or a draped urn, or anything flashy and cheap, but a great big block of granite — the grey, not the red — smooth-

Continued

30 finished on the faces, but rough on the sides and top, and the name on the base, cut deep! Dignified! Quiet! But the best quality — the finest in the cemetery. I want it! I want it! Then Mother and I, and Lover and Jim and you could all be there together at last —

Pop Envied by every stiff in the township!

35 **Ethel** I want it! I want it!

Pop I can see that.

Ethel Not even a text. No “Rest in the Lord” or “Till the Day Break” or anything. Just the name.

Pop And that’s what you want more than anything else.

40 **Ethel** Yes. You had to know. Now you know. Jim doesn’t care about — well, about nice things like that. And of course it isn’t his name.

Pop And when Bailey came in here with twelve hundred bucks for me you seen your gravestone as good as raised.

Ethel Yes.

45 **Pop** Pretty vain idea, ain’t it?

Ethel No it ain’t — isn’t. We’ve been something in this township. You would never run for council, though you could have been Reeve if you’d tried. But Mother was a real figure here, especially the four or five years before — she had to go to That Place. And I’ve tried to follow where she went. She deserves something, and so do I. Missions, Temperance, the W.A. — we’ve done our share and more. And when we’re gone we deserve something that’ll last. That money would cover it all, and leave a little something to provide for Perpetual Care. It’s not vain to want your due.

Pop Don’t follow your ma’s trail as far as the bughouse, Ethel. It’d cost a darn sight more than my insurance money to keep you there.

Ethel It was silly of me to tell you. You’ve got no feeling for anything that really matters. I’ve just put a stick in your hand to beat me with.

Pop Drink your tea an’ blow your nose an’ shut up. Ain’t there a pen-an’-ink someplace here? (*He searches in the dresser drawers.*) Yeah, here she is. Y’know, I never could play no instrument nor draw worth a cent, but before my fingers got so stiff I was a real pretty writer. Your ma once got me to write out a presentation address to a preacher that was leavin’, and when it was done it just looked like a page o’copperplate — there, Ethel; there’s your cheque, endorsed and made over to you.

65 **Ethel** *takes the cheque, amazed.*

Ethel Poppa!

Pop Buy yourself a nice tombstone. (*He sits.*) Y’know, when you was a little thing, you was as pretty as all-get-out, and till you got to be about fourteen you meant more to me than anything else on God’s earth. But then you got religion and began to favor your ma, and I guess it was as if you’d died to me, and everything I liked. So far as I’m concerned, this-here tombstone’s mostly for the little one I lost.

Ethel Poppa, we’ve had our disagreements, but that’s past; it’ll be different now. (*She has put the cheque in her pocket, changed her mind, and tucked it in her bosom.*)

75 **Pop** Because I bought you a tombstone? Naw. You’ve changed, Ethel, and you’ve been what you are more than twice as long as you were my child.

Ethel But I don’t understand. You do this wonderful generous thing, and yet you seem so bitter. I know you haven’t much feeling for me.

Continued

80 **Pop** Oh, yes, I have. I pity you twelve hundred bucks' worth an' maybe more. . .

Ethel But why — ?

Pop Aw, never mind. Ethel, you've got the power of goodness.

Ethel (*Modest*) Oh, Poppa!

85 **Pop** Don't take it as a compliment. There's a special kind o' power that comes from the belief that you're right. Whether you really are right or not doesn't matter; it's the belief that counts. Your belief in your own goodness makes you awful strong, Ethel, and you've kind of overlaid me with it. I can't stand up to it.

Ethel I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know what to say about this, Poppa. There must be depths of good in you I never suspected. It just goes to
90 show that we shouldn't judge.

Jimmy's voice (*Outside*) Hey, Maw!

Pop There's your future druggist hollerin'.

Ethel (*At the door, her voice trilling with happiness*) Yes, lover?

Jimmy's voice How long till supper, Maw?

95 **Ethel** Oh, you greedy thing! More'n an hour. D'you want me to fix you a piece?

Jimmy's voice Naw; I'll wait.

Ethel I'm going to open a jar of maple sirup. Pancakes, lover! (*She closes the door.*)

Pop Lover! Emotional understimulation!

100 *Ethel comes behind him and gives him a dry, shy kiss on the brow. Then she goes to the radio and turns it on, with an indulgent smile toward him. It hums a little as it warms.*

Pop Naw. Turn it off. Don't want it now. I been overlaid and I got to get myself back in shape. Maybe I been emotionally overstimulated — But I ain't overlaid for
105 good, Ethel, an' that stone'll rest lighter on me than it will on you.

During this speech Ethel has been getting flour, bowls and other supplies out of the dresser, with her back to Pop. He has fished a long pair of black stockings out of the clothes-basket and wrapped them around his arm like a mourner's crepe. He now tilts back in his chair and surveys Ethel's back quizzically, whistling an air from Lucia¹ as the curtain falls.
110

Robertson Davies

¹Lucia – the opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*

VIII. Read the excerpt from “Catch-22” and answer items 56 to 61 from your Questions Booklet.

from the novel, **CATCH-22**

“You’re wasting your time,” Doc Daneeka was forced to tell him.

“Can’t you ground someone who’s crazy?”

“Oh, sure. I have to. There’s a rule saying I have to ground anyone who’s crazy.”

5 “Then why don’t you ground me? I’m crazy. Ask Clevinger.”

“Clevinger? Where is Clevinger? You find Clevinger and I’ll ask him.”

“Then ask any of the others. They’ll tell you how crazy I am.”

“They’re crazy.”

“Then why don’t you ground them?”

10 “Why don’t they ask me to ground them?”

“Because they’re crazy, that’s why.”

“Of course they’re crazy,” Doc Daneeka replied. “I just told you they’re crazy, didn’t I? And you can’t let crazy people decide whether you’re crazy or not, can you?”

15 Yossarian looked at him soberly and tried another approach. “Is Orr crazy?”

“He sure is,” Doc Daneeka said.

“Can you ground him?”

“I sure can. But first he has to ask me to. That’s part of the rule.”

“Then why doesn’t he ask you to?”

20 “Because he’s crazy,” Doc Daneeka said. “He has to be crazy to keep flying combat missions after all the close calls he’s had. Sure, I can ground Orr. But first he has to ask me to.”

“That’s all he has to do to be grounded?”

“That’s all. Let him ask me.”

25 “And then you can ground him?” Yossarian asked.

“No. Then I can’t ground him.”

“You mean there’s a catch?”

“Sure there’s a catch,” Doc Daneeka replied. “Catch-22. Anyone who wants to get out of combat duty isn’t really crazy.”

30 There was only one catch and that was Catch-22, which specified that a concern for one’s own safety in the face of dangers that were real and immediate was the process of a rational mind. Orr was crazy and could be grounded. All he had to do was ask; and as soon as he did, he would no longer be crazy and would have to fly more missions. Orr would be crazy to fly more missions and sane if he didn’t, but if he was sane he had to fly them. If he flew them he was crazy and didn’t have to; but if he didn’t want to he was sane and had to. Yossarian was moved very deeply by the absolute simplicity of this clause of Catch-22 and let out a respectful whistle.

“That’s some catch, that Catch-22,” he observed.

40 “It’s the best there is,” Doc Daneeka agreed.

Yossarian saw it clearly in all its spinning reasonableness. There was an elliptical precision about its perfect pairs of parts that was graceful and shocking, like good modern art. . . .

Joseph Heller

IX. Read the excerpt from *Henry VI, Part III* (Excerpt Y) (pages 13 and 14) and the excerpt from *Richard III* (Excerpt Z) (page 15) and answer items 62 to 73 from your Questions Booklet.

The speaker in both excerpts is the same person at different times in his life.

Excerpt Y

from the play, **HENRY VI, Part III, Act III, ii**

- Richard, Duke of Gloucester** Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
- 5 And yet, between my soul's desire and me —
The lustful Edward's title buried —
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself;
- 10 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
- 15 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way;
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
- 20 Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
- 25 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
- 30 Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,

Continued

35 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 40 And am I then a man to be beloved?
 O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 45 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live, t'account this world but hell,
 Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 50 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I — like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 55 But toiling desperately to find it out —
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 60 And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 65 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
 I can add colours to the chameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 70 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. *[he goes]*

William Shakespeare

Excerpt Z follows on page 15

The Duke of Gloucester from the previous passage has now attained his goal.

Excerpt Z

from the play, **RICHARD III, Act V, iii**

- King Richard** Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
5 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why!
10 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no! Alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
15 I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
20 Perjury, perjury in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder in the direst degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, "Guilty! Guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
25 And if I die, no soul will pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

William Shakespeare

X. Read the excerpt from “The Stream Runs Fast” and answer items 74 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

from **THE STREAM RUNS FAST**

I enjoyed my association with the Canadian Women’s Press Club. . . . There great problems were discussed and the seed germ of the suffrage association was planted. The immediate cause of our desire to organize was the plight of women workers in small factories. Some of our members had visited these and we were
5 greatly stirred over the question of long hours, small wages and distressing working conditions.

Mrs. Claude Nash. . . and I were deputed to bring pressure to bear on the government for the appointment of a woman factory inspector. We decided to go to see Sir Rodmond Roblin, the Premier, and if possible, get him to come with us
10 to see some of the factories. We conducted the Premier down dark, slippery stairs to an airless basement where light in mid-day came from the gaunt light bulbs, hanging from smoky ceilings. The floor was littered with refuse of apple peelings and discarded clothing. There was no ventilation and no heat. The room was full of untidy women, operating sewing machines and equally unattractive men cutting
15 out garments on long tables. . . . We led the Premier through a side door into the foul passage where a queue had formed before a door marked “Toilet.” We could see that Sir Rodmond was deeply shocked that we would know about such things but Mrs. Nash led the way, and I pushed him along from behind. We drew his attention to the fact that there was no separate accommodation for the women, and
20 we did not need to mention that the plumbing had evidently gone wrong. We knew that he was soon going to bolt away from us, so we didn’t spare him anything.

“For God’s sake, let me out of here,” he cried at last, “I’m choking! I never knew such hell holes existed!”

“These people work from 8:30 to 6:00, Sir Rodmond. Six days a week,” Mrs.
25 Nash told him sweetly. “But no doubt they get used to it.” I am afraid her sarcasm was lost on Sir Rodmond. With this understanding we parted, thanking Sir Rodmond for giving us so much of his time.

Our investigation went on. We were only amateurs but we did find out a few things about how the “other half” lived. We made some other discoveries too. We
30 found out that the Local Council of Women could not be our medium. There were too many women in it who were afraid to be associated with any controversial subject. Their husbands would not let them “go active.” It might imperil their jobs. The long tentacles of the political octopus reached far. So one night at Jane Hample’s house on Wolseley Avenue we organized the *Political Equality League*, with a
35 membership of about fifteen. We believed that fifteen good women who were not afraid to challenge public opinion could lay the foundations better than a thousand. Some good work had been already done by the Icelandic women of the city, who had organized the first suffrage society many years before, and the W.C.T.U. women could always be counted on and the same was true of the Labor women.

Nellie McClung

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